THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 26, 1792.

On the prevailing Custom of giving Advice,

NOTHING so damps the efficacy of counsel, as a suspicion that it is bottomed in disgust or disappointment, or that it flows more from the character than the experience of the person who lends it. Of all the talents which lie within the compass of our ability, there are none which comprehend a greater range of qualifications, than the art of giving advice. If nothing more were necessary to ensure its success than its own internal recommendations, every man of sense, education, and experience, would be fully accomplished for the task; but, unhappily, these pretensions are of trifling avail, without a certain prejudice of character, and command of manner, without that selection of opportunity, and that grace of insinuation, which are advantages that result only from long and calm experience in human affairs, and are fruits that ripen slowly in a mind where even the soil and culture go hand in hand. But although the qualifications necessary to authorise advice, are thus formidably great, yet there is no undertaking in which we more heedlesly embark; and the meanest among us are every day exalting themselves into the chair, from a pert propensity to rule and dogmatism. This promptitude to interpose advice, is particularly common to characters remarkable for their enthusiasm and precipitation; who for the greater part, discover plainly, by their egotism and sufficiency, that they are more occupied with themselves, than the persons whom they charitably espouse.

Another ſet of unqualified lawgivers are thoſe who, after a youth beſotted with idleneſs and diſſipation, claim the privilege of ſchooling the world:—a deſcription of people, whom I regard as no way ſuperior to broken merchants, that will give you plenty of notes, while they are without a ſhilling in their coffers. Such are miſled by a notion, that maturity of mind is to be calculated by years; and that diſcretion is a plant of ſpontaneous growth, which will riſe to as high perfection in a wilderneſs, as in a cultivated garden.

It is a prevailing maxim, derived to us through many generations, never to take advice from the unfortunate, or from thoſe who have bought experience at the expence of their honour, their reputation, or their happineſs; from a ſuſpicion that a levelling wiſh might lurk at the bottom, and from a perſuaſion that no man is pleaſed with raiſing a contraſt to deepen the ſhades of his own inferiority. Thoſe who build their pretenſions to adviſe ſimply upon their experience, may not improperly be denominated a ſpecies of quacks in morality; while thoſe only can be conſidered as regularly bred to the art of adminiſtering counſel, whoſe minds have been matured by contemplation and ſtudy, whoſe knowledge has been digeſted through a long courſe of tranquil reflection, and whoſe obſervation has run parallel with their experience through the whole tenor of their lives. An Utopian ſpeculatiſt might amuſe himſelf with planning a department in every diſtrict, or pariſh, which ſhould be called the office of advice; from which might iſſue certificates and teſtimonials, conſtituting ſuch only diſpenſers of counſel who could prove themſelves qualified by producing a countenance of health and cheerfulneſs, a character unimpeached, and the means of a comfortable ſubſiſtence: For though, in ſome caſes, ſufficient ability might be found where theſe documents were wanting, yet for a ſolitary exception or ſo, one would not deſtroy a rule which would preclude ſo much impertinence, and help ſo materially to debarraſs the motions of buſineſs and activity. There is ſomething too in the affirmative teſtimony with which thoſe can urge their advice, who carry in their own perſons the ſubſtantial proofs of its good conſequences, that is greatly more animating and deciſive, than thoſe negative arguments which an experience in vice will afford us, in the defence of virtue.

If we change the application of this remark, we ſhall find it equally true in what reſpects the intereſts of immorality: Thus, one affirmative proof of the ſucceſs of gaming, will eaſily overbalance the teſtimony of a hundred martyrs to its ruinous infatuation.

fatuation. It is pleasing thus to contemplate the perfection of virtue, to view her intrenching herself in human policy and wisdom, and asserting her empire in every province of excellence; to behold her high prerogatives over vice, her superiority of controul, and the more imposing weight of her authority; and to regard that slow and certain operation, with which these advantages have endowed her, towards extending her dominion on earth, and propagating her culture among mankind. It was a saying of St. Augustine, that if the conduct of a man be at variance with the salutary advice he exhibits, we should regard him as a directing-post, which is not the less to be attended to, because it has never gone the way to which it directs us. The allusion is neat, but the reasoning is fallacious; since the circumstances of man are so different from those of a directing-post, and since it is on the neglect of a capacity, which the directing-post is without, that we found our suspicion of the motives which govern advice. In regard to the delicacy and difficulty attending the task of administering advice, there is a passage in the Nigrinus of Lucian, which affords some very sensible hints. After a long discourse held by that philosopher, in which a great variety of useful precepts are contained, he thus speaks of the impression that was made upon him.

"He concluded with a number of excellent remarks of the same nature: I was divided between astonishment at what I had heard, and apprehension lest he should add nothing more. For a long time my eyes were fixed on him; my head turned round; and so oppressed was I, with my veneration for him, that I almost sunk under a sense of my own inferiority. My tongue faultered, my voice forsook me; till at length my bosom discharged itself in a flood of tears. It was not a slight touch his discourse had given me, that merely rased the skin; but it was a deep and thorough wound, that pierced to my very soul. A well-constituted mind may be compared to a soft mark or butt, on which numberless archers exert their skill, with their quivers full of pointed speeches; but to take a judicious aim, is an excellence to which but few attain. Some, by stretching the cord too tight, send the arrow with more force than is necessary; so that, instead of fixing itself in the butt, it passes through, and leaves a gaping wound behind; while others, for want of sufficient strength, fall short of the mark, and are unable to send their arrows above half way; or, if they complete their course, they give but a feeble touch, and then fall ineffectual to the ground. But the dextrous bowman begins with examining the quality of the material against which he is to shoot,

that he may exert a force proportionate to its hardneſs or ſoftneſs; and then dipping his arrow, not in poiſon like the Scythians, or in opium like the Curetes, but in a liquor properly prepared for the purpoſe, takes a deliberate and accurate aim, and fixes his weapon in the centre of his object, whence it diffuſes around a medicinal virtue."

HISTORY *of the* ENGLISH LONG-BOW.

[From Moſeley's Eſſay on Archery.]

(*Continued from Page* 500.)

TO ſhew how worthy of imitation the Welſh were, at the time of Henry II. in the uſe of the bow; I ſhall relate a few exploits performed by their archers, as they are reported by Giraldus Cambrenſis.

"There is a particular tribe in Wales," ſays this ancient writer, "named the Venta; a people brave and warlike, and who far excel the other inhabitants of that country in the practice of archery. In ſupport of this laſt aſſertion, the following inſtance is recorded. During a ſiege, it happened, that two ſoldiers running in haſte toward a tower, ſituated at a little diſtance from them, were attacked with a number of arrows from the Welſh; which being ſhot with prodigious violence, ſome penetrated through the oak doors of a portal, although they were the breadth of four fingers in thickneſs. The heads of theſe arrows were afterward driven out, and preſerved in order to continue the remembrance of ſuch extraordinary force in ſhooting with the bow. It happened alſo in a battle, at the time of William de Breuſa, (as he himſelf relates) that a Welſhman having directed an arrow at a horſe-ſoldier of his, who was clad in armour and had his leather coat under it; the arrow, beſide piercing the man through the hip, ſtruck alſo through the ſaddle, and mortally wounded the horſe on which he ſat. Another Welſh ſoldier, having ſhot an arrow at one of his horſemen, who was covered with ſtrong armour in the ſame manner as the beforementioned perſon, the ſhaft penetrated through his hip and fixed in the ſaddle: But what is moſt remarkable, is, that as the horſeman drew his bridle aſide in order to turn round, he received another arrow in his hip on the oppoſite ſide, which paſſing through it, he was firmly faſtened to the ſaddle on both ſides."

Nothing

Nothing particularly applicable to the long-bow (for I do not mean that archery remains unnoticed) is to be found in our early historians, during the reigns immediately following, till that of Edward III. in whose time this weapon is supposed to have been much in use*. Mr. Barrington entertains this opinion very reasonably, from circumstances which occurred at the battle of Crecy. The arbalests in the hands of the Genoese were all exposed to a violent storm, which happened just before the battle commenced. This storm falling on the strings of their bows, relaxed them so far as to render them incapable of proper service; while on the other hand the English bows were kept in their cases during the rain, and were not injured. From hence, Mr. Barrington concludes, the English used the long-bow, as that instrument was usually provided with a case, but the cross-bow, being of so inconvenient a shape, could not be provided with such covering. Indeed, this latter kind of bow is not said to have been even furnished with a cover, as far as I have been able to find.

The battle of Crecy, as well as that of Poictiers, (where the archers poured forth their quivers in such bloody victories) intimates the bow to have been highly cultivated by the English at those times; but it was found necessary by Edward to enforce the practice of archery during the peace which followed, as the soldiers rather attended to other amusements, than archery.

During the reign of Richard II. little is recorded with respect to the bow. We find, however, from Hollinshead, that a number of archers were sent at the request of the Genoese, to assist them against the Saracens on the coast of Barbary; and that they performed some meritorious exploits with their long-bow.

From a passage in Stow, we find Richard II. to have had a very numerous guard of archers; for in the year 1397, as one day the Members were leaving the Parliament House, "a great stir was made as was usual; whereupon the King's archers, in number four thousand, compassed the Parliament-House, thinking there had been some broil, or fighting, with their bows bent, their arrows notched, and drawing, ready to shoot, to the terror of all that were there: But the King coming pacified them."

The

* I have not mentioned the death of William II. as it is uncertain whether the long-bow or arbalest discharged the arrow which proved fatal to him.

The most memorable circumstance with respect to the bow, which occurs in the reign of Henry IV. was the victory gained over the Scots near Halidowne-hill, in the year 1402; "where," in the words of an old historian, "the Lord Percies archers did withall deliver their deadly arrowes so lively, so couragiously, so grievously, that they ranne through the men of armes, bored the helmets, pierced their very swords, beat their lances to the earth, and easily shot those who were more slightly armed, through and through."

The battle of Agincourt, which happened in the year 1415, under Henry V. is the next signal victory ascribed to the English archers, who destroyed a great number of the French cavalry, by their yard-long arrows. This, indeed, seems the last very important action in which archery is much spoken of; and although the use of it was continued through several succeeding reigns, it at length seems to have been cultivated more as an amusement, than for real military service.

It is said, that James I. of Scotland, during his long confinement in England, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, was so struck with the spirit and gallantry of the English archers, that on returning to his own country, he established royal companies of bowmen in different parts of his dominions. The art of shooting with the bow, is at present regularly practised, by numerous societies; and the pepingoe is annually celebrated at Kilwinning, in the west of Scotland, by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The pepingoe (or popingay, a mark formed like a parrot) is projected two or three feet from the top of the church steeple, and they shoot at it perpendicularly, resting their foot on the base of the tower. The Royal Company of Archers, at Edinburgh, consists of the principal nobility and gentry of that kingdom, to the number of eight or nine hundred members. Maitland, in his History of Edinburgh, informs us, that this society was founded about the year 1676; and that it was erected into a corporation by letters patent from Queen Anne, dated the 31st of December, 1713.

The amusement was extremely fashionable in the time of Henry VIII. and Hollinshead reports, that that Prince shot as well as any of his guard.

Edward VI. is said, by Barrington, to have been fond of the exercise of archery.

Charles I. appears to have amused himself in this way also, and is represented in the frontispiece of Markham's Art of Archery, (1634) in the attitude and dress of a bowman.

During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. the amusement was continued, and the former sometimes attended at exhibitions of shooting. The Artillery Company, or Finsbury Archers, have survived even to the present time; but except in that society, the bow, till within these ten years, was very little known in the kingdom. At present, indeed, archery gains favour, and many companies are formed, for the practice of that amusement.

Of these societies, I believe the following are the principal: viz. The Honourable Artillery Company, Royal Edinburgh, Toxophilite, Woodmen of Arden, Royal Kentish Bowmen, Royal British Bowmen, Robin Hood Bowmen, Loyal Archers, Yorkshire Archers, Hainhault Foresters, Southampton Archers, Bowmen of Chiviot Chase, Kentish Rangers, Woodmen of Hornsey, Surry Bowmen, Bowmen of the Border, Mercian Bowmen, Broughton Archers, Staffordshire Bowmen, Trent Archers.

The exact time in which the bow became disused in war by the English army, perhaps, cannot be fixed. P. Daniel mentions, that arrows were shot by the English at the Isle of Rhé, in 1627. Mr. Grose informs us, that in 1643, the Earl of Essex issued a precept "for stirring up all well-affected people by benevolence, toward the raising of a company of archers for the service of the King (Charles I.) and the Parliament." And in a pamphlet, says the same author, which was printed anno 1664, giving an account of the success of the Marquis of Montrose against the Scots, bowmen are repeatedly mentioned. One Neade, in the reign of Charles I. obtained a Commission under the Great Seal wherein he and his son were empowered to teach the combined management of the pike and bow. A book entitled "The doubled armed Man," shewing the proper exercise and attitudes, was written and published by William Neade, about the year 1625. It contains nothing of consequence relating to archery, but we may judge that that art was not laid aside at this period.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

COURT of KING's BENCH.

AT the sittings after the last Trinity Term came on to be tried, before Lloyd Lord Kenyon, and a special jury, at Guildhall, London, a cause of the utmost importance to the trade of this kingdom:

This

This was an action brought by a respectable ropemaker against two other persons carrying on the same business, merely to try whether the penalties contained in the act of the 25th George the IIId. could be enforced. The case was as follows: The defendant had contracted with the India Company, to make them a considerable quantity of cordage for the use of shipping, which they accordingly made, but used therein a species of hemp called damaged lot hemp, and which is prohibited by the above act. It was therefore for this offence that this action was brought; and upon the cause coming on to be tried, a verdict was given for the plaintiff, who generously took but one penalty instead of nine. The Court observed, this was a most serious offence, as by using such prohibited damaged hemp, not only the trade of this country would be injured, but the lives of our fellow-subjects be in continued jeopardy, and that there was too much reason to believe that many lives had fallen a sacrifice to this nefarious practice.

FRIDAY, November 9.

The KING *versus the* JUSTICES *of* NORFOLK.

THIS was a rule to shew cause, why a *mandamus* should not be directed to the Justices of Norfolk, commanding them to pay the sum of 7l. 6s. to the Coroner of that county.

The affidavits, upon which the rule was originally granted, stated, that the Coroner had held an inquest upon the bodies of four persons, which had been cast on shore on the sea coast of the county of Norfolk; and that having made an application to a meeting of the Justices for the said county, to be paid for such inquests, the Justices had refused to pay him.

Messrs. Mingay and Partridge shewed cause against the rule; they contended, that the Coroner was not justified by law in taking an inquest upon bodies accidentally cast on shore.— The jurisdiction of the Coroner appointed by the county could at the utmost be only co-extensive with the county itself: it was obvious to all those who saw the dead bodies, that they must have been drowned out at sea, and driven on shore by the tide, for they were so disfigured that it was impossible to ascertain the sex. It has been laid down in some of the old books, that where the sea ran into the land, forming a kind of creek, there, provided the opposite shores were within sight of each other, the Coroner of the county had jurisdiction; but it had never been

been held, that they had authority out upon the open sea; as a proof of which, they observed, that there was a Coroner belonging to the Court of Admiralty to take cognizance of cases which happened upon the seas.

In all cases of bodies being found upon the sea shore, where the circumstances were such as could create reasonable suspicions in the mind of any man, then the Coroner would not only be justifiable in holding, but reprehensible if he did not hold an inquest.—But when it was apparent that the death happened at sea, in consequence of shipwreck, or some other accident, it was absurd to suppose the Coroner had a right to put the county to the expence of holding an inquest. Besides, in this case, even allowing the law to be otherwise, the Coroner had no right to be paid for these inquests, as they were informal, being only signed by the Coroner, and the foreman of the jury, and not by the whole of the jury.

Mr. Bearcroft, in support of the rule, contended, that if the Coroner had not acted as he had, he would have been liable to punishment—it was of no consequence where the deaths happened; the bodies were found upon the coast, and consequently within the jurisdiction of the Coroner.—It might be productive of very serious effects, if the time was laid down so generally as had been contended for on the other side.

Mr. Bearcroft then cited some passages from Button, cap. 26, in support of his argument, and said, that it was the custom of the Coroners in all the great maritime counties to hold inquests in all such cases.

The Court said, that even if the law were as it had been contended by Mr. Bearcroft, yet they could not grant the *mandamus*, because the inquests were not regularly taken, not being signed by the whole of the jury.

With respect to the law upon the subject, it was impossible to draw a strict line; it must be left, in some degree, to the discretion of the Coroner—in suspicious cases it would be proper to hold an inquest, but in case of a fleet being wrecked, and all the bodies cast on shore, it could not be supposed the Coroner ought to hold inquests upon all the bodies, and charge the county with it.—Rule discharged.

The MAYOR, *&c. of Liverpool, v.* GOLITELY.

THIS was an action brought in the corporate name to recover certain penalties for the breach of a supposed bye-law.

 A new

A new trial had been had, and a verdict was then found for the plaintiffs.

Mr. Law, on behalf of the defendants, moved for a rule to shew cause why there should not be a third trial. The great question in this case is in whom the power of making bye-laws resides. The plaintiffs contend, that the authority to make bye-laws is vested in the aggregate body of the Corporation assembled. The defendants, that it resides in the Common Council.—Rule granted.

LYON, &c. *against* SCHONGALL, &c.

THIS was a motion for a new trial.

The plaintiffs having been applied to, to discount bills for the house of Schongall and Co. at St. Petersburg, wrote to the defendants, merchants at Leith, concerning the credit of the house at Petersburg; in answer they were informed that the house had always been punctual in the payment of its bills, and in the discharge of its engagements. The plaintiffs accordingly discounted bills to a large amount for the Russian merchants, who at length became bankrupts. An action was commenced against the defendants to recover the amount of the bills discounted, on the plea that they only discounted them on the recommendation of the defendants.

The jury gave a verdict in their favour.

The present motion was supported by an argument, that letters of advice were not obligatory in law.

The motion was granted.

FRIDAY, November 16.

Mr. Law moved for a *mandamus* to be directed to William Blewet and Joshua Oldfield, Esq. magistrates of the city of York, commanding them to hear the complaints of John Ringrose and Matthew Dawson, two innkeepers in York.

The affidavit made by the parties stated, that there are now in the city of York, dragoons, 120 men, and 120 horses; that there are 180 public houses in that city, 40 of whom have stables for many horses; out of the whole number of public houses, 36 only have soldiers quartered on them. That one of the innkeepers on whose behalf this application was made, had quartered upon him 8 men and 12 horses; the other 8 men and

8 horses.

8 horſes. This they conceived to be a much larger number than their due proportion. That they applied to theſe magiſtrates with a view of ſtating their complaints in this reſpect, but the magiſtrates refuſed to hear them. Mr. Law ſaid, that this application was founded on the 24th ſect. of the laſt mutiny act.

Lord Kenyon granted a rule to ſhew cauſe why a *mandamus* ſhould not be directed to theſe gentlemen; but he ſaid he wiſhed it to be underſtood, that the Court by no means ſaid it was clear theſe gentlemen had acted improperly in the manner they had billetted the troops; they might have acted rightly for any thing the Court knew to the contrary in that reſpect. It was by no means to be inferred from the granting this rule, that the magiſtrates had done what they ought not to have done.—However it might be proper, that the complaint ſhould be made.—Rule to ſhew cauſe was granted.

Rules for promoting Happineſs, addreſſed to the Men.

BE not too ſanguine before marriage, nor promiſe yourſelf ſelf felicity without alloy, for that is impoſſible to be attained in this world; conſider the perſon you are going to marry is a woman, not an angel, as you before marriage taught her to believe; or when you diſcover any thing in her conduct not quite angelic, paſs it over as a human frailty, compoſe your temper, and try to amend her's by your example.

Remember that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life.

Reſolve every morning to be good-natured and chearful that day, and if any accident ſhould happen to break that reſolution, ſuffer it not to put you out of humour particularly with your wife; it will be trouble enough to her to ſee you uneaſy.

Read frequently the matrimonial ſervice, not forgetting the words love and cheriſh, and in your prayers be ſure to add a clauſe for grace to make a good huſband; whether you regard your wife or not always treat her with reſpect before company, as nothing lowers her ſo much in the opinion of the world as any ſlight from the huſband; if not out of regard to her, yet out of reſpect to yourſelf, behave well to her at leaſt before company, for depend on it when you leſſen her conſequence you at the ſame time do your own.

If you have any concern for your comfort in life make your wife well informed with your circumstances; I do not mean that she should be purse-keeper, or that you should be accountable to her for what you spend; but that you should make both her and yourself well acquainted with what you can afford to spend in your house, children, or her own expences; for how can a woman be blamed when she sometimes spends double what she ought, if kept in total ignorance of your income? To such conduct the ruin of many families may be dated.

Be kind to your wife in sickness (when you are ill she is a nurse to you, and the least you can do in return is to see she is taken care of), and expect not a constitution, worn out with the care of a family, can always retain that sweetness of temper she once possessed. Make her likewise your friend and companion, not as I have seen many men, (who pass for good husbands) as an upper servant; should the dinner at any time be badly dressed, do not find fault with your wife about it as if she was your cook—surely men do not shew their mighty superiority (which they all think they have) by such conduct.

St. Paul says "give honour unto the wife as to the weaker vessel." Dr. Fordyce is so polite as to think that the apostle did not mean weakness in understanding, but being of a more delicate nature, for why did he add "honour" if he meant understanding? I have not his sermons by me, so cannot quote the passage exactly, but I know the sense to be what I have mentioned; and now ye men, whether as weaker vessels, or in whatever order of the creation you may think proper to rank us, whenever you take a partner let me beseech you to love, honour, and cherish her, and then you need not fear of being obeyed.

ANNA.

TRANSLATION *of* GRAY's ELEGY.

By Mr. PERCEVAL.

Continued from Page 506.

LEURS noms et leurs emplois, l'age qu'ils ont atteint,
Grossièrement tracés forment leur élégie,
Là le rustique instruit par le texte divin,
Apprend à leur exemple à mépriser la vie.

Hélas

Hélas qui ſans regret put approcher la mort,
Qui put en lui ſentir éteindre l'exiſtence,
Sans bruler à la fois du deſir dêtre encor,
Et de ravir ſon nom à la nuit du ſilence ?

L'œil qui ſe ferme au jour nous demande des pleurs ;
C'eſt ſur un ſein chéri qu'aime à s'exhaler l'ame,
Une voix du tombeau ſ'éléve et parle aux cœurs,
Et dans le cendre encore on voit bruler la flamme.

Toi dont le zele ſaint de ces morts ignorés
Nous révéle en tes vers l'hiſtoire négligée,
Peut-être un jour errant en ces lieux retirés
Quelqu 'ami cherchera ta propre deſtinée.

Sherborne Grammar School.

(To be continued.)

THE PILGRIM:

A TALE.

[From Vancenza, a Novel, in 2 Vol. by Mrs. M. Robinſon.]

THE faint dawn caſt her grey mantle over the dreary proſpect, when they commenced their ſecond day's journey. The Marchioneſs de Vallorie was ſilently ſorrowful, while the young mourners hid their tears beneath their veils, and indulged in all the wailing accents of regret. By noon they reached the foot of a ſtupendous mountain, over which they were obliged to paſs: The weary mules began to mount the toilſome aſcent, every moment endangering the lives of the travellers, by falling on the rugged pathway. By painful and repeated exertions, they arrived at a ſmall hovel, about half-way up the mountain, where an old ſhepherd preſented them dried fruits, and wine of the pooreſt quality. They readily partook of his coarſe fare, and, after gratefully requiting him, proceeded.

After ſurmounting innumerable impediments, they reached the ſummit, and ſtopping their mules to reſt, they obſerved a venerable man—" clad in a pilgrim's weeds." His ſtaff ſupported his weary limbs, and his ſcrip ſeemed ſcantily ſupplied with bread and water. His countenance was the picture of meek ſufferance; his white hair hung like threads of ſilver

upon

upon his ſtooping ſhoulders, except when the rude blaſt compelled it to ſhade his wrinkled cheek. His hat was worn and tattered; the ſcallop ſhell placed in the front, as the badge of penitential humility. He reſembled the withered oak, majeſtic even in ruin! He raiſed his eyes, which meditation had bent toward the ground; he bowed reſpectfully, then, croſſing his aching breaſt, purſued his weary way in penſive ſorrow!

Elvira, lifting up her veil with eager ſolicitude, exclaimed, "Poor pilgrim! thou art journeying through a vale of ſorrow unnoticed and unfriended: If there is an heart hard enough to paſs by thee, without beſtowing the tribute of a ſigh, may it experience thy pangs, without thy reſignation!"

He was ſhortly overtaken by the travellers; they ordered their domeſtics to ſtop the mules, and, in the language the feeling heart never fails to dictate to the tongue, when it addreſſes the unhappy, they politely requeſted to be informed, whether they could be of ſervice to him, or render the progreſs of his journey leſs irkſome by ſociety. "My ſervant," ſaid the Marchioneſs, "can ſeat himſelf behind the carriage, during the remainder of this poſt; perhaps his mule will be of uſe to you." "Madam," replied the venerable man, "I am bound to bleſs you for your generous attention; but alas! I cannot profit by your kindneſs: The humiliation of penitential miſery does not aſpire to taſte the balm of comfort; I am grown familiar with affliction, and ſhould ſcarcely be able to endure a ceſſation of my ſorrows: I have no friend to lament my abſence, no kindred to mourn for my diſgrace; the warm paſſions of earlier days are ſettled in the froſt of age; penury has long ſince denied the comforts of life, and eternal penitence alone can expiate its errors." Here he turned aſide, to wipe away the involuntary tear, wrung from his burſting heart by the hard graſp of unrelenting conſcience; then requeſting their pardon for having detained them ſo long, he poured out his ſoul in fervent benedictions, and reſted on his ſtaff: They paſſed, and ſoon loſt ſight of him by the winding of the road.

Elvira's ſpeaking eye paid the tribute of ſenſibility to the pilgrim's artleſs narrative. "Is it poſſible," ſaid ſhe, "that a ſingle crime ſhould harbour its dark purpoſe in a mind that appears ſo exquiſitely enlightened? Can a countenance ſo marked with complacency and candour, prove the ſpecious maſk to cover a baſe deſigning heart?—Impoſſible!—I am certain this hopeleſs penitent is leſs criminal than his own ſcrupulous ſeverity will ſuffer him to believe. The auſterity with which he condemns himſelf is the ſtrongeſt proof that

his crime is venial; for the practice of hardened and abandoned villany never fails to steel the soul against compunction.—I wish I could learn the story, and participate the sufferings of this poor old man; age, assailed by poverty, and toiling toward the grave, requires the hand of kind commiseration to pluck the thorns that choke its dreary path way!—Let us endeavour to lighten the burthen of affliction by the gentle offices of humanity!"

The Marchioness instantly suggested the idea of inviting the pilgrim to rest at Vancenza. "There," said she, "perhaps he will unlock the secrets of his heart; but I absolutely forbid that any means should be adopted to draw from his wrung bosom a confession that may wound his feelings." They promised to observe the strictest delicacy, and, in hopes of his arrival, stopped at the bottom of the mountain.

He soon came up with them; the Marchioness, whose mind wanted little preparation for the exercise of gentleness and pity, informed the pilgrim, that if his route lay toward the forest of Vancenza, he would confer a pleasure on them by sojourning a few days at the castle.—He thanked them, and promised to accept their hospitable invitation; though his stay, he said, must be circumscribed to a few hours only.

The severity of the weather rendering their road tedious and difficult, the second evening terminated in accomplishing only half their journey.

Nothing interesting occurred the following day. On the fourth, the melancholy party reached the gloomy mansion of domestic sorrow.

It was midnight when they arrived at Vancenza; the old porter opened the ponderous gate, that closed the outward walls, in sullen silence. At the inner door the steward, in the deepest mourning, greeted their return, with a profound sigh. The ancient apartments appeared cold and dreary, stripped of every attraction. The table was prepared for supper; but he, whose engaging conversation once enlivened every repast, was there no longer.

Elvira's heart throbbed with agony; she trembled lest her eye should meet the Marchioness's; Carline hid her face upon her folded arms on the corner of the table, and an awful silence prevailed throughout the apartment.

After the servants had waited for some minutes in dumb affliction, the Marchioness informed them they might withdraw. Elvira drew her chair toward the fire; her companions soon

followed

followed her. Every breaſt was burſting with anguiſh; every eye ſuffuſed with tears.

The Marchioneſs broke the melancholy ſilence:—

"We are now, my lovely girls," ſaid ſhe, "deprived of our only comfort, our only protector. I need not picture to you the dangers and calamities to which our ſex are expoſed, or the extreme caution neceſſary to be obſerved by young perſons entering into the tempeſtuous ſcenes of tranſitory life. The various examples you have witneſſed of the depravity of human nature, during your reſidence at Madrid, muſt be indelibly imprinted on your minds. The ſordid duplicity of one ſex, and the diſguſting inſignificance of the other, form a ſtriking contraſted portrait, wherein you may trace the lineaments of half mankind. The virtuous retirement in which you were educated, under the careful inſpection of my lamented brother, almoſt taught you to believe that perfection belonged to the human heart.—Experience has convinced you of the contrary.

"The mind of man is a mixture of incomprehenſible propenſities; virtue is often its natural inmate; but there is ſcarcely an inſtance wherein either vanity, avarice, ambition, inordinate paſſions, or frivolous purſuits, do not, in ſome degree, contaminate its purity, and tarniſh its moſt brilliant attributes.

"In youth the warmth of a vigorous imagination leads the giddy mortal through the flowery paths of prodigality, till diſſipation plunges him in a gulph of hopeleſs miſery. In vain does the ſinking victim, ſtruggling in the whirlpool of deſtruction, ſupplicate the commiſerating hand of friendſhip, to ſnatch him from the torrent that overwhelms him; he that falls by his own imprudence, falls unpitied; for age forgets the errors of its earlier years, and avarice deadens the ſoul to every exquiſite ſenſation of philanthropy. The miſer ſhrinking under the gripe of miſery, craving for that, which in fact he poſſeſſes, without knowing how to enjoy, ſhivers in voluntary anguiſh over maſſes of treaſure, and poſſeſſing the means of every gratification, pines out an irkſome exiſtence in poverty and ſorrow, till he ſinks into the grave, abhorred and unlamented! The pretended philoſopher pompouſly inſtructs the afflicted with his ſpecious theory, and affects to contemn the repining ſpirit that meets the frowns of fortune with an unwelcome eye. Let the hand of Heaven deprive him of its ſmalleſt bleſſing, he ſinks beneath the ſtroke, and becomes the victim of deſpair! The atheiſt, vauntingly profane, revelling

in

in the plenitude of health, and basking in the sunny splendours of prosperity, laughs to scorn the devout enthusiast; behold him on the bed of death, shook by convulsive agonies; he renounces his former temerity, and his last sigh, is an appeal to his Creator!

"Let the eye of reason take an accurate survey of the general pursuits of mankind, and their pernicious tendencies. The father, whole years scraping together the means of gratifying the short-lived prodigality of the son; the fond mother, adorning the darling of her heart with all the graces of education, and embellishing her form with every tasteful and becoming appendage—perhaps—to fascinate the eye of some artful seducer, whose spells shall tarnish her fair fame, and bend her beauties to an untimely sepulchre. The lover, ardently pursuing the coquette that abhors him, while the fond bosom that throbs with affection, is suffered to languish in obscurity, deserted and forgotten.

"Little and contracted minds are apt to envy the possessors of exalted titles and empty distinctions; the parade of ostentatious pride, and the lavish distribution of ill-bestowed riches, cannot fail to provoke the indignation of discerning and unprejudiced minds. Wealth, profusely squandered in selfish and unworthy gratifications, serves only as the degraded means of blazoning the depravity of its possessors, while the heart, that generously participates the scanty pittance of fortune with the unhappy; that calls forth the buds of genius, frost-nipped by the biting blasts of poverty; that shelters modest merit from the taunts of overbearing ignorance; presents a sublime picture of that perfection, which exalts mankind to the likeness of divinity.

"The poorest peasant, fatigued with the exertions of laborious exercise, enjoys the balmy influence of sleep upon the rushy pallet of honest indigence; while the downy couch sustains the pampered frame, restless, and a prey to feverish inquietude: Thus the hind may smile contemptuously on the boasted superiority of his Lord; and, in the full enjoyment of repose and health, look down with pity on the imbecility of mind and body, the wretched associate of luxury and indolence. So capricious are the fluctuations of fortune, and so uncertain the decrees of fate, that we scarcely know what may be termed real happiness. The insolent triumphs of vice over virtue; the misfortunes frequently pursuing the efforts of honest industry, while profusion overflows the lap of infamy, ought to convince us, that some undefinable cause actuates every princi-

ple of the grand syftem by which the foul is governed; and fome beneficial end is the object of thofe unaccountable events which we prefume to repine at, and to mifname the injuftice of Heaven.

If reflection takes a flattering retrofpect of the empty round of fancied pleafures you fometimes participated at Madrid; and if the prefent profpect of retirement fhould appear irkfome by the delufive comparifon, let reafon whifper, that if you are not revelling in the lively fcenes of brilliant fplendour, you are at leaft fecure from the dangers, and exempt from the miferies of public life. With this confolatory idea, I truft you will fubmit, without repining, to the fober comforts of feclufion, and, in the laudable purfuits of mental cultivation, forget the tinfel blandifhments of fafhionable folly."

Elvira, whofe opinions exactly correfponded with thofe of the Marchionefs, readily acknowledged the truth and propriety of her admonitions.

Carline made no reply; and the excellent preceptrefs, after a fhort paufe, refumed her difcourfe.

"As we have ftill fome months to remain under this beloved roof, there will be time fufficient to arrange our plans of future conduct with prudence and circumfpection. I am ftill miftrefs of a fmall villa in the vicinity of Naples; it was the favourite retreat of my moft honoured hufband; the delight he enjoyed in forming and embellifhing the fweet Elyfium, prevented my ever parting with it. Here, at leaft, my beloved companions, we may hope for uninterrupted tranquillity."

Deeply impreffed with this edifying converfation, the young pupils retired to reft; and the amiable Marchionefs to her accuftomed devotions.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A N E C D O T E S.

AMONG the pictures in the royal palace at Copenhagen, Mr. Coxe in his Travels mentions one, the fubject of which is the uncommon intrepidity of one of the Danifh Monarchs, Chriftian the Fourth, on board of a fhip engaged with the Swedifh fleet. In the middle of this engagement the King was ftruck by a fplinter torn from the maft by a cannon-ball; two of his teeth were beat out, his ear torn, his right eye forced from the focket, and he was thrown upon the deck with great

violence.

violence. His attendants, supposing him dead, were making bitter lamentations, when the King, suddenly recovering, from the swoon into which he had been thrown by the agony of the pain, started up, bound his wounds with his handkerchief, and continued giving his orders with the greatest composure, until the Swedish fleet retired. The painter has chosen the point of time in which the King having recovered from his swoon and bound his wound, is exerting himself in the midst of the action; and has happily succeeded in throwing great animation over the whole figure.

AT Fredericksborg, another of the royal palaces of Denmark, is a portrait of Queen Isabella, who was as beautiful an example of conjugal excellence, as was her husband, Christian the Second, of almost unparalleled atrocity. She was the sister of the Emperor Charles the Fifth; and "this portrait," says Mr. Coxe, "reminded me of her mild and amiable qualities; of the meekness and patience, and yet dignity, with which she supported the harshness and infidelities of her obdurate husband in the time of his prosperity; of the extreme attachment which she shewed to him in the hour of his disgrace; of her unwearied attentions to soothe his disappointment, and to rouse him from his despondency; of her refusal to accept a very honourable and advantageous settlement offered by the States of Denmark; and of her noble answer, "That she had rather live with her husband in banishment, than reign without him." She survived his deposition only three years, and died in the palace of Ghent, in 1526.

Answer, by J. Applin, of Sturminster Newton, to S. T. Gundry's Question, inserted August 13.

BY the well-known rule for that purpose, the solidity of the whole cone is found = 32.2517294 feet. Then as 32.2517294 feet are to the cube of the altitude 242296.875 inches, so is the solidity of the part to be cut off, 3.75 feet, to the cube of the altitude thereof, the cube root of which 52.4688 inches, the number required.

‡ We have received the like answer from J. Chivers, of St. Austell; I. Salter, of Payhembury; Fidelio, of Bath; and T. Giles, of Bridgewater.

Lines, written Impromptu, by Mrs. Stickland, on the Month of October.

DISTANT to southern climes the sinking sun
Hastens to bend his rays beyond the line,
Where Sagittary puts his armour on,
Slung is the quiver, where his arrows shine;
His azure bow reflects the solar beam,
While his bright darts across th' horizon gleam.

Sarum, October 24, 1792.

Answer, by Joseph Platts, of Plymouth, to T. K.'s Charade, inserted September 17.

YOUR whole, when join'd, will represent,
WESTRAM, a well-known town in Kent.

† We have received the like answer from R. C. B. D. G. of Chard; W. Hodgson, Tywardreath; A. Pinn, of Plymouth; T. W. near Wiveliscombe; T. Walker, of Hemyock; W. Brewer, Taunton; I. Salter, of Payhembury; J. Chivers, St. Austell; J. C. of Tavistock; O. Parnall, near Truro; T. Giles, Bridgwater; H. T. of Totnes; and J. Dyer, of St. Germans.

Answer, by Matthew Barret junior, of Exeter, to Fidelio's Rebus, inserted September 17.

QUEBEC's the place where Britons bold did gain
Immortal fame, and where brave Wolfe was slain;
" Who in his youth gain'd a most glorious name,
" And reap'd betimes the harvest of his fame;
" By active valour made the day his own,
" And liv'd to see the num'rous foe o'erthrown;
" Crown'd by just victory drew his latest breath;
" As wont to smile on danger—smil'd on death;
" And having bravely for his country fought,
" Dy'd nobly as he wish'd, and calmly as he ought."

‡†‡ We have received the like answer from D. G. of Chard; S. Major, of Colyton; A. Pinn, Exmouth; W. H. of Dean Prior; J. Spry, Wiveliscombe; S. Hill, near Dawlish; I. Salter, of Payhembury; J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell; W. Hodgson, Tywardreath; and T. T. S. of Exon.

An

An ANAGRAM, *by M. Barrett junior, of Exeter.*

A Boat if you tranſpoſe aright,
Will bring a Scripture name to ſight.

A REBUS, *by Curioſus, of Bath.*

TAKE the third of a root; one-third of a chain;
One third of a deed; and the third of a grain;
One-third of a liquor, which goſſips admire;
One-third of a poem occaſions inſpire:
Theſe fragments conjoin, from whence you may find,
An Indian pickle juſt come to my mind.

A REBUS, *by J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary.*

YE bards a foreign metal tell,
A river fiſh expreſs;
A kind of clock that's known full well;
And next a Jewiſh feaſt.

A beaſt that's large, and very ſwift,
You laſt of all muſt ſhew;
The initials join, and then you'll ſee,
A foreign fruit I know.

A CHARADE, *by John Iſaac, of Crediton.*

SAGACIOUS BARDS, pray ſcan the ſchool around,
My firſt is there in plenty to be found;
Its uſe is great in this our happy iſle,
Where learning, peace, and commerce deign to ſmile.

Then ſearch the hoſtile camp on diſtant plains,
Where vengeance hovers, and dire fury reigns;
'Tis there, amid the horrid devaſtation,
My warlike ſecond boldly ſerves its nation.

My whole is found th' ſcholar's conſtant friend,
And daily on his ſtudies doth attend:
Now, prying youths, I pray theſe parts define,
If you would wiſh in Goadby's page to ſhine.

POETRY.

POETRY.

On the Sensibility peculiar to a delicate Frame of Body.

SAY, Reason, should a man of mind
Sigh o'er his brittle crust,
Or grieve, because it is not join'd
To fibres more robust?

Search, with a philosophic ken,
Thro' nature's boundless tract,
From very atoms up to men,
'Tis every where the fact,

That much of all we choicest hold,
Admire with one acclaim,
Is of a delicater mould,
And of a feebler frame.

Look at that bird* of glossiest wings,
Yet sweeter taste than plume,
That scuds, that murmurs, sips and sings,
And feasts upon perfumes.

Look at the rose his bill invades
With eager wanton strife,
On what a slender stem it fades,
And blushes out its life!

Look at bent lillies as you walk,
How elegantly thin;
Yet well that fragrance from their stalk
Proclaims the power within.

Look at the sex whose form may vaunt
More grace than bird or rose,
What fine infirmities enchant,
What frailty charms in those!

Examine

* Humming-bird.

Examine m[illegible]e world around,
That ſoar with gen'rous aim,
How few with rugged ſtrength abound
In fibre, or in frame!

Great ſouls with energetic thought,
Wear out their ſhell of clay;
Yet at each crevice light is caught,
Till all be mental day.

Then, Reaſon, let no man of mind
Sigh o'er his brittle cruſt,
Or grieve becauſe it is not join'd
To fibres more robuſt.

The RICH MAN *and the* HERMIT.

WITHIN his cell a hermit ſat,
Unvex'd with cares or idle chat,
And paſs'd his time 'twixt books and prayer.
When lo! with ſupercilious air,
A voice, without, admittance ſought,
Which from his ſeat the hermit brought.
He view'd the man; his air and veſt
Beſpoke the grandeur of his gueſt.
Not charm'd with greatneſs, nor afraid,
No flatt'ring compliments were paid;
But, like a Chriſtian and a man,
He welcom'd him and thus began:
" Stranger, your character and name
" I aſk not, nor from whence you came:
" Enough for me it is your fate
" To find my hoſpitable gate;
" And he who on this ſpot is loſt,
" Finds no inhoſpitable hoſt.
" Is it refreſhment that you ſeek?
" Or counſel from the ſage and meek?
" Advice and ſuccour I'll afford,
" Or ſpread my frugal, healthy board;"
The ſtranger heard like one who could
Deſpiſe his counſel or his food:
" Believe me, friend, I came not hither
" For this, nor that; I want not either

" To

" To eat your food, or be advis'd,
" Nor talk'd to gravely, or chastis'd:
" 'Twas curiosity alone
" That brought me here, for, of my own,
" I've every thing that wealth can give;
" In power and affluence I live."
The hermit smil'd to see his pride:
" And yet I'm richer still," he cried.
The stranger, with a sneering leer,
Looks round, and cries, " Why live you here?
" Where are your servants, stewards, pages,
" Your horses or your equipages?
" Has Rembrandt's hand adorn'd your hall?
" Does Rubens, Titian, grace your wall?
" Or is it with rich tapestry wrought,
" That shews how great Ulysses fought?
" Did hands which work the Grecian story,
" Make known your riches, and their glory?
" Are you at Bath or Tunbridge seen,
" Those charming places for the spleen?
" Or say, do hospitals and actors
" Count you amongst their benefactors?"
The hermit thus: " I grant, 'tis true,
" My alms are not for public view;
" Tho' yet I never let the poor
" Go cold or hungry from my door.
" Tunbridge and Bath have I not seen;
" But then I never knew the spleen.
" As to the story of the Greek
" In tapestry wrought, of which you speak,
" I need not that my walls relate
" Th' unhappy suff'ring Trojan's fate;
" I see the picture on my mind,
" Which you have on the walls defin'd.
" Rich without grandeur; not like you;
" I'm rich because my wants are few."

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

EPITAPH *on a* GLUTTON.

READER! step soft, I do intreat thee,
For if he wakes, by Heaven he'll eat thee!